

Cromwells Complaint of Injustice :

OR, HIS

DISPUTE 82

WITH

Pope Alexander the Sixth,

FOR

Precedency in HELL.

Oliver.



What pretence hast thou to take place of me? What vast *Gygantick Crimes* hast thou Committed, that thou shouldst dare to think, thou deservest to be Greater than I? Have not I *Transgressed all the Laws of God and Man?* Did not I Subvert a State? Change its Religion and Government, Murder its Prince, and set whole Rivers of His best Subjects Blood a Flowing? Did not I do all this, and hast thou the Impudence to pretend to Merit more, and have a greater Share in the *Infernal Empire*, than I?

Pope. All this thou didst, I do Confess it; But if thou wouldst have but the Patience to hear me, I do not Question but to make appear, that I and my Predecessors have done much more *Meritorious Things*, for our Great Lord and Master the Devil, than ever thou didst, or couldst do.

Oliver. Hell and Furies! What didst thou ever do more, than whore thy own Daughter, and help thy Son *Cesar Borgia* to Poison, and make away all the Opposers and Obstacles to his Greatness?

Pope. Well, that is something; it shew-

ed how willing, and ready, I was to Tread in the *Footsteps of my Predecessors*, and give a good Example to all my Flock; but be Patient, and I will tell thee the Right, I and my Brother Popes have to be *Vice-Royes* here below. Thou Alas! Valuest thy self for having been the Ruin of one Prince and State: But, How many Emperors have we forc't to come, and Lay their Necks under our Feet? How many Kings have we caused to be Assassinated? How many Princes to be Murthered? How many Kingdoms and States to be Ruined by Civil Wars and Dissentions? Have not we caused Princes to Rebel against, and Murther the Kings their Fathers? Subjects to Depose their Lawful Sovereigns, and set up Tyrants in their Rooms? And in Fine, Did we not bring Anarchy and Confusion into all Nations, when our Interest required it; or when those at the Helm did not Regulate themselves as we would have had them? All this thou knowest we did, and must Confess it, there being Millions of Instruments here, whom we Employed to those ends, to Confirm and Testify it.

Oliver. I Grant all you Popes together have been Fruitfully and Bravely Wicked; But hath any one of you, Attempted, Performed, and Compleated, such Great, Noble, and Numerous Crimes as I have done?

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done? Did not I, and my Companions under the Pretext of Religion, Subvert both it and the Government, and Crying out against the ill Management of the State, the Treachery, and want of Conduct in Ministers, and by pretending to reform the Helm, bring the Nation into such a Combustion, that we Gained our Point; which was, That we might have the Liberty to Act those Wickednesses, that the others who were there before us were Accused of, but which indeed never came into their Thoughts, not having the Sence or Courage to Perform, or at least were Restrained by their Consciences; the Liberty of which, we Cried out mightily for, because we knew ours would allow us all we could desire.

Pope. All this I know, and how Successful you were in it, but you were only the Executioners of the *Roman* Contrivances; We drew the Model, and set you at Work, Your *King's* Death that you brag so much of, was first Resolv'd on at *Rome*, before it came into your Noddies, and so far, you were only the blind Ministers of our *Resolutions*.

Oliver. I am sure that's false; For none of us all, but Aimed chiefly at him, though we seem'd to Look, and Squinted another way. You might perhaps have the same Design, but you ought not therefore to Arrogate to your self all the Honour, being we thought on it, and designed it as soon as there was any Probability of doing it; and even performed it as soon as it lay in our Power. Indeed we found it a difficult Task, and without your Help, perhaps we should not have been able to have Compass'd it. We were forced to raise Fears and Jealousies of an Arbitrary Government; and in that I must Confess, we found your Party extreamly useful to us, and very skilful to Infuse the Poison into Peoples Minds; and by these Means, we Arrived at what we so much had Railed against, and seem'd to Abhor; that is to say, an Unlimited Power. We Trampled all Laws down under our Feet, and made such New Ones, as were fit for our Purpose, and Interests. The Truth is (to bring this to pass) we made

it Cost the Nations whole Seas of Blood: Trade was Destroyed, Maidens were Ravish'd, Mothers had their Infants Ript out of their Wombs; the Father Stab his Son, and the Son his Father; and nothing was more common, than to see Brother Drink his Brother's Blood to the Health of our Cause, when he call'd him an Enemy, and Traitor to his Country.

Pope. I Laugh at all these Flourishes, they are but the common, and usual Effects of our Conspiracies: Had but our late Plot Succeeded in *England*, you would have seen them bravely Acted, and Repeated even to a Degree above Admiration; they would have Surpassed your Envy, and even have caused in you your self, a Dread and Terror.

Oliver. But must you not Confess, that your Instruments were but pittiful base Creatures, and ashamed of their Task, since they Denied it at their Executions, whereas you see my Brood in *Scotland*, not only begun bravely by their Rebellion, and Murthering the *Arch-Bishop* of Saint *Andrews*, but Acknowledged the Fact at their Tryals and Deaths; and not only Maintained the Lawfulness of it, but also Dyed Martyrs for the Doctrine of King-killing; whereas your Chicken-hearted Heroes, were both ashamed of what they would have done, and disowned what the brave Doctors of your Church hath Taught.

Pope. Come, don't Reproach us, they had been Fools if they had Owned it; nay, and we had taken Care to perswade them they should have been Damned too; besides Peoples Opinion of an Action, is generally Regulated by its Success, which we being Disappointed of, all our Interests and Reputation in the World, would have been Lost and Ruined, had they not stily Denied it. Therefore, I say, do not Reproach us; for can you, or your Brood, as you call them, ever pretend to Match our Treacheries, Treasons, Plots, Conspiracies, Massacres, &c. Do you think you ever can?

Oliver. Perhaps we may; but of that, I'll tell you more hereafter.

FINIS.